

Phil. mus. pres. 11607 c 24

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Oculus Britanniae:

AN

Heroic-Panegyrical

P O E M

ON THE

University of OXFORD.

Illustrated with divers beautiful Similes,
and useful Digressions.

Juvat antiquos exquirere fontes.



L O N D O N:

Printed for R. FRANKLIN, under *Ton's* Coffee
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T O

THOMAS P---R---T, Esq;

Doctor of civil Law and Fellow of St. J—'s
C—e in O—d.

S I R,



believe you are a gentleman, *who is not unwilling that his actions should be faithfully transmitted to posterity*; and as nobody can have a more sensible regard for your great virtues and abilities than my self, I beg leave to make the world acquainted with them in the following dedication.

You came into the world, fir, under the influence of a lucky planet, being born of an ancient and worthy family, to a plentiful fortune, as well as great natural endowments and hereditary virtues; all which you have since improved by a liberal education, under the care of one of the ablest pillars of our church, and (as his ingenious friend Mr. MIST emphatically styles him) *the brightest ornament of the brightest body in the world*; by his precepts and example you have finished in your self one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars of our age.

*Transplanting, one by one, into your life
His bright perfections, till you shine like him.*

IT is impossible that one thus richly endowed by nature and improved by art, should not make a very extraordinary figure. You discovered the earliest marks of a great genius, and at an age when we say of others that they are promising youths, you were arrived at the high-

DEDICATION.

est perfection and maturity of manhood. You brought with you from school a thorough knowledge of the classical writers and the learned languages, so that you had nothing to interrupt your stricter academical studies; by which means and a close application, you soon became a deep logician, a profound philosopher, and an excellent mathematician. In short, you grew a compleat master of most arts and sciences (particularly necromancy and metaphysics) and no part of learning has entirely escaped your knowledge.

NOR have you cultivated your *Head* only, (which in this age is the least part of a liberal character) but even your *heels*, sir, discover the marks of an academical education; that pretty flutter in your gait, that careless swing of your arms, and that polite turn of your head may, to some people, seem only to be the natural effect of well proportion'd limbs and a regular body; but, to a nice observer, every motion will appear *sylogistical*, and strictly conformable to *Mode* and *Figure*: How often have I seen you come into a room in *Barbara* and salute the company in *Darii*? how often do you pay your devotions in *Ferio*, and dance in *Baraliphton*? as this is an art perhaps peculiar to yourself and the author of *Mathematical rules for Dancing*, it is no wonder that you have gain'd the character of the politest gentleman in the university and triumph'd over all your rivals in the affections of the ladies.

BUT I must not dwell too long upon one of your most trifling qualifications, considering how many there are still behind, and how narrow a compass my bookseller has prescribed me to celebrate them in.

GIVE me leave therefore, learned sir, in a cursory manner to mention your humanity, candour, and publick spirit; your acute wit, unbiass'd judgment, and penetrating understanding; your nice sense of honour, magnanimity, and intrepid courage; your chastity, sobriety, and unspotted virtue; but above all, your unshaken loyalty
(in

DEDICATION.

(in the true sence of the word) your invincible orthodoxy and strict adherence to the catholick church.

YOUR intimate acquaintance with the *modern Languages* and your profound skill in *modern History* are so well known, that it would be matter of great astonishment to me, how you could escape being nominated to a certain Prof——ip lately established, if I did not consider how some people —— I can hardly keep it in, notwithstanding all their *pains* and *penalties*; but we were pretty even with them at last; and I am sure it is no disappointment to you, who choose to do good and propagate knowledge, *without any Reward*.

WITH all these shining accomplishments (however you may be despised elsewhere) you could not fail of acquiring a very popular reputation in the famous university of OXFORD, which, amidst the general depravity of mankind, and the lamentable increase of fanaticism both in church and state, has maintained its antient purity in the worst of times, even (as our ingenious professor of poetry once observed) *whilst armed Forces were within our Walls*. Accordingly you have proceeded in the regular method prescribed by our statutes (too slow indeed for your aspiring merit) to the highest degree which our university can confer, and whenever you shall please to oblige the world with any of those valuable manuscripts which enrich your cabinet, you may dignify the title page with *Fellow of a College and Doctor of civil Law*.

HAVING said thus much (which is much too little) of you, my present most honoured Patron; give me leave, Sir, (with the imputation of as little vanity as possible) to say something of my self and my following performance.

YOU must know, Sir, that I have been several years a matriculated son of this antient university; and though, for want of the same natural talents, and the same application, I have not done the good old lady half the honour which you have done, nor received

DEDICATION.

ceived half so many honours from her hands ; yet I shall never forget the obligations which I lie under to her, for that small portion of learning which I possess, and that little figure which I make in the world. A due sense of these obligations join'd with a violent indignation to see her traduced and vilified by some persons, who ought to know and practice better, has occasioned the following sheets; in which I have endeavoured to perpetuate her name, and to raise up a column of my own gratitude, that it may not be said of me in future ages (as I fear it will be of too many) that I would not *look to the rock from whence I was hewn, nor to the pit from whence I was digged.*

I cannot, in this place, forbear assuring you, that when I first resolved upon this undertaking, you jump'd immediately into my head, as the fittest person to patronize it; and I have not been able, with all my deliberation, to alter my opinion ever since: so that, you see, it was by a sort of inspiration that I desire your protection of this Work.

I know the conclusion of my *P O E M*, where I preface my own future glory, will be particularily cavil'd at, and I shall be call'd a vain conceited coxcomb for my pains; but in answer to this, without insisting on the examples of *Horace* and *Ovid* in the same case, I say that it is an intolerable grievance upon modern authors to be restrained from commending their own works. No body expects that the good wives of *Ilingsgate* should cry stinking fish, or that any vintner in town should tell you that his wine is four: nay, every surly rascal of a shoemaker shall take the liberty to look you saucily in the face, when he puts you to execrable torture with a pair of new shoes, and swear that they fit as easy as your mistress's gloves; whereas it is expected of an author that he should cry down his own ware, and though he publishes a better poem
than

DEDICATION.

than ever *Homer* or *Virgil* did, should make a thousand excuses for troubling the world with such indifferent stuff, as he is obliged to call it, to the manifest hinderance of his market, and against the fullest conviction of his own mind. I think therefore every manufacturer of the brain ought to rise up against this growing evil, and assert the same right, with all other tradesmen and artificers, to warrant his goods, and thereby promote the sale of them as much as he can.

FOR my part (though I do not think my self vain-er than other men) I will venture to affirm (in defiance of all the criticks and ignorant carping rascals in *England*) that the following poem is a perfect finish'd peice, according to the strictest rules of *Aristotle* and *Longinus*, whom (I will be again bold to say) no body has studied more, or understands better than my self; I maintain, that the model is just and regular, the diction truly sublime, and the panegyrick well hit off: if it be objected, that I have now and then introduced little sarcasms and strokes of satire, I have *Virgil*, *Horace*, and all the best authors, both antient and modern, to justify me in such occasional deviations.

I have also their authority (as I could easily prove from a multitude of instances) to apologize for the many beautiful similes and useful digressions, with which I have thought fit to illustrate and diversify the whole: they are all on my side, and so I have no apprehensions from them; but I am terribly afraid of a certain merry gentleman in this town, who frequently says, that *there is nothing in the world so unlike as similes*: he might with the same reason add, and I hope he will do it, *that nothing is so pertinent as digressions*; this will make us some amends, and give us with one hand, what he takes away with the other.

As for my self I have laboured to make my *similes* as like, and my *digressions* as pertinent as possibly I could; I am sure it has cost me a great deal of pains
(as

DEDICATION.

(as, I doubt not, it has most authors) to bring them in and make them look pat to the purpose; nay, I could not with all my pains, lug in some, which I was not a little fond of, and particularly the following distich.

*So barren chalk, which no production yields,
Burnt into lime, manures the neighbouring fields.*

YOU must allow, sir, that this is a very pretty simile, and if it could but be handsomely applied, would make a good figure in my poem; but after the strictest examination, I could not hedge it in any where in the following pages, and being loth that so uncommon a thought should be lost, I have inserted it in this place, making it my request, that if you, or any of my candid readers can think of any method to introduce it properly into the body of my work, you will oblige me with the hint, and the favour shall be gratefully acknowledged in the second edition.

I had also a mind to foist in a digression against the late bills for *inspecting drugs, medicines, &c.* and for *ex-cising of tea, coffee, and chocolate*; but not being able to discover any relation which they have to the university of *Oxford*, I was obliged to reserve it for a more proper occasion.

SIR, I was going on to acquaint you with some more of my projects; but my bookseller is just come in, and tells me, that I must break off immediately, and that he cannot afford a line more for a shilling, which is the price we have agreed to fix upon this summer-piece of entertainment for gentlemen and ladies: what therefore I have farther to say to you, upon this and all other occasions, must be defer'd till another opportunity, which, you may depend upon, shall not be neglected by

OXFORD, July

122. 1724.

*Learned sir, your unknown ad-
mirer and devoted Servant,*

PHILO-MUSUS.



OCULUS BRITANNIÆ, &c.



ATRON of arts, and to the *bri-*
tish youth

Thou shining pillar of religious
truth,

Sprung from primæval kings and saints divine,
Thy sacred ear, illustrious dame! incline,
Whilst filial duty wings my youthful lays,
And prompts me forward, studious of thy praise.

B

BUT

BUT how shall I the mighty theme sustain
Of ALMA'S glories in an equal strain?

Unskill'd in verse, and to the muses young,
What God, what angel, will inform my tongue?
Aid me, DELAUNE; instruct me, reverend fire,
With thy own sacred heat my breast inspire:

O! touch my lips with thy cœlestial art,
And with the same devotion fire my heart.

ENOUGH, enough!—through every kindling
vein

Thy god-like fury shoots and fires my brain;
The same strong impulse and religious flame,
Which in the pulpit shakes thy goodly frame:

And

And which sometimes provokes thy righteous heel
 To kick obdurate whigs, in rampant zeal :
 Like yours, methinks, my eyes in lightning roll,
 Like yours, tumultuous raptures lift my soul ;
 Inspir'd I soar beyond my common flight,
 And I am either fit to rhyme or fight.

IN this divine delirium, to my eyes
 Abstracted forms, and fancied objects rise ;
 Whilst the pleas'd muse in thoughtful silence

roves

Through the cool shades, and academick groves,
 In the clear fountains, and the silvan springs
 Sees the young cygnets dip their snowy wings ;
 Observes the streams of science roll along,
 Here floats a fyllogism, there a song ;

Here unborn poems tune the warbling tide,
And problems there, instead of gudgeons, glide.

THROUGH these religious vallies as I stray,
What crouds of ancient worthies throng the way?
The ghosts of old philosophers appear,
That once adorn'd the place and flourish'd here :
Muse, tune thy voice, in homage bend thy head,
And pay just honours to the learned dead.

SEE! that lean spectre! horrible and wan,
Whose meagre looks declare the quondam man.
Hail mighty SCOTUS! hail unrival'd sage!
The pride and glory of the monkish age!
Reverse of bookworm! which on books is fed
For books devour'd thee up, and wore thee dead

How

How didst thou toil and labour for mankind,
 Who twenty folio tomes hast left behind !
 Unlike the modern writers of our land,
 Whom every shallow wit can understand,
 So deep your logick flows and so profound,
 No common plummet can the bottom found.
 Thy pride it was to sift the darkeſt themes,
 To hood-wink truth and reconcile extremes,
 Self-contradicting tenets to maintain,
 And prove by reason, that all reason's vain.

HIM BACON follows, whose illuſtrious name
 Lives in the annals of recording fame,
 That antient monk, renown'd in every part,
 For his wife *Brazen-Head* and magick art ;

Of

Of late indeed more famous and renown'd,
 Since conjurers here are now so rarely found.

But see ! another rev'rend form appears,
 Whose headless trunk provokes my flowing tears ;
 The sacred lawn his gushing blood distains ;
 And with religious horror chills my veins :
 Much-injur'd LAUD, religion's boldest chief,
 A while, great shade, indulge the muse's grief ;
 O prelate, greatly for the church distressed,
 What zeal, what fury could inflame thy breast,
 The rage of british senates to withstand,
 And stem the torrent of a factious land ?
 Yet shalt thou not repent the pious deed,
 Though destin'd by the traytor's ax to bleed :

With

With BECKET in religious mischief bold,
 A rubrick martyr shalt thou stand inroll'd;
 His annual debt thy * successor shall pay,
 And crown with solemn woe the woeful day.

HERE the fam'd King and confessor was born,
 Whose godly reign cœlestial gifts adorn,
 That royal faint, whose salutiferous hand,
 First from the noisome *Evil* purg'd the land.
 Stupendous art! to pious kings reveal'd,
 And witness'd by the crouds that have been heal'd;
 Such EDWARD was, by gracious heaven design'd,
 From scabs and ulcers to relieve mankind,

* The reverend and learned Dr. *Delaune*, President of *St. John's* college, who has instituted a publick oration to the memory of arch-bishop *Laud*, who was formerly president of the same college, on the 10th of *January*, being the anniversary of his martyrdom.

Of so abstemious, continent a life,
 He shun'd the enjoyment of his lawful wife.
 From age to age this wondrous art prevail'd,
 (When the whole boasted strength of medicine
 fail'd)

Through a long race of monarchs, all divine,
 'Till but of late it ceas'd with STUART's line,
 Unless, adhering to some good old wives,
 In STUART's lineal race it still survives.

HERE then, O JAMES! let the long contest end,
 And on this issue let thy birth depend;
 In the wide forum of imperial ROME,
 Build a large stage and bid the lazars come,
 By this grand secret prove the STUART line,
 And let thy cures confirm thy right divine:

If

If at thy touch the ulcers dye away,
The sores heal up, and all the scabs decay,
In spight of BURNET's tales, and *Britain's* scorn,
Will own thee most miraculously born.

HAIL sacred art ! the priesthood's darling theme,
Unlike our late *inoculating* scheme,
That strange inverted Science, rash and blind,
Which plants diseases, and infects mankind,
Of cruel *Turks* and infidels the boast,
And first devis'd on hell's infernal coast ;
For so the * priest aver'd, in holy satire,
And prov'd *old Nick* the first inoculator.

* See MASSEY's *sermon against* inoculation.

BUT who is that in robes of purple drest,
 Who drops with fullen pride his mitred crest !
 Mark ! how he bears resentment in his eye,
 And damns his sovereign, as he passes by !
 Some minion of the court, from favour thrown !
 And lo ! his form bespeaks the *butcher's son* !
 In every look great WOLSEY stands confess'd ;
 See how the rising passion heaves his breast !
 See ! how his eyes with reddening vengeance glow,
 And how with hasty strides he spurns the sand
 below !

FALL down, ye fons of *Christ-church*, at his
 feet,
 And gratefully your benefactor greet ;

For

For o! remember to his bounteous hand
 How much indebted, and oblig'd you stand.
 He first with large endowments did intail
 Your *loins of mutton*, and your *butts of ale*;
 To him you owe the soft engaging art
 Of pretty songs and epigrams so smart:
 'Twas he that took you from the rural plains,
 And made you *scholars*, who had else been
 swains;

Instead of jolly *canons*, you had now
 Perhaps some livery worn, or follow'd plow,
 Perhaps some painful servile life have led,
 Or in the shambles, like himself, been bred,

MALICIOUS tongues indeed with censures loud
 Stile him imperious, turbulent and proud,

Revengeful, cruel, of a ruthless mind,
 To persecution, and to rage inclin'd;
 In whoredom and pollution uncontroul'd,
 And to a proverb arrogantly bold;
 A publick drunkard, and a college thief,
 In act a brute, an atheist in belief:
 To lust, they say, he sacrific'd his breath,
 And perish'd of the foul, venereal death.

SUCH heavy loads of infamy and shame
 Our bold reformers charge on WOLSEY's Name;
 Proud of their northern heresies deride
 His priestly grandeur and religious pride,
 Hand down his vices to succeeding times,
 And make his function aggravate his Crimes.

BUT

BUT FIDDES, by sublimer views inspir'd,
 And with a church-man's indignation fir'd,
 Lifts in this great, unhappy prelate's cause,
 And by more candid rules his picture draws;
 Solves all objections which historians make,
 And screens his failings for his function's sake.

BEHOLD him now, by FIDDES varnish'd o'er,
 Unlike the monstrous fiend you shunn'd before,
 His magick pages wipe off every taint,
 The *atheist* and the *brute* becomes a saint;
 His *drunkenness* is only nature's slip,
 (For who alas! can from temptation keep?)
 His *impudence*, in courtly language drest,
 The * *great ascendant* happily express'd;

* See his life of WOLSEY. p. 11, 12.

His *rage* is only zeal for romish laws,
 And *persecution* is the church's cause ;
Revenge is taking God almighty's part,
 And *pride*, the token of a noble heart.
 His *whoredom* and *pollution* who can blame,
 Since *Solomon* was guilty of the same?
 His *college-frauds*, it must be understood,
 Were well design'd, and for the publick good,
 To finish towers, old steeples to repair,
 And build religious castles in the air ;
 Nor is he last of all that godly croud,
 To whom this candid plea has been allow'd.
 That of the *pox* he dy'd, and such like stuff,
 Great FIDDES says 'tis false, and that's enough.

So

SO LAUD by HEYLIN fil'd and polish'd bright,
Shines forth an angel of unspotted light;
Shakes off the rust of threescore gloomy Years,
And in his volume like a god appears.

ONE pious work, o! FIDDES, still remains,
A theme well worthy your immortal pains;
And since in *vindications* you abound,
As WOLSEY and his GRACE* have lately found,
To one great church-man more your aid afford,
And let unhappy JUDAS be the third,
In his defence at least it may be said,
That what he did alas! he did for bread,

* See his *vindication of a late epitaph.*

And err'd poor man ! as modern *swearers* cant,
 To save a numerous family from want :
 Doctor, 'twill do ; the pious task begin,
 Clear up his case, and prove the *kiss* no sin ;
 This will for ever all our foes defeat,
 And thy divine APOLOGIES compleat.

To these a various gown'd tribe succeeds,
 Fam'd for their learning, or illustrious deeds ;
 Physicians, lawyers, and a medly throng
 Of preaching clerks and poets that have sung,
 Logicians that have foil'd the states-man's
 schemes,
 And prophets that sav'd nations by their dreams ;
 Casuists and school-divines, whose mystick skill
 Could alter vice and virtue at their will,

Of

Of right divine prove persecuting rage,
 And tyranny the blessing of an age,
 Turn pure religion into mortal sin,
 And make the devil to the saints a-kin.

BUT shall the dead alone engross my lays?
 O, no; the living shall partake my praise;
 Muse prune thy pinions for a second flight,
 For living heroes claim an equal height.

BUT where, encompass'd with a mingled blaze
 Of doughty sculls, shall I begin to praise?
 Where'er around I cast my wondring eyes,
 Heroic bards and shining beaux arise;
 In the same jovial common room I see
 The prim canonic bob and smart *tupeè*;

D

Grave

Grave criticks here on modern authors prey,
 And deep logicians puzzle sense away;
 Pert crambo-wags with subtil school-men joke,
 And punsters and divines in consort smoke.

IN this illustrious croud, so learn'd and wise,
 BRAZEN, the college tyrant, charms my eyes;
 Great must his merits be, his virtues choice,
 Which five successive years gain'd ARRAN'S voice:
 In him at least some excellence is shown,
 Fam'd for his brother's parts, if not his own;
 His brother's virtues, all divinely bright,
 Reflect on him a pale inferiour light:
 What for the *cause* his patriot-brother bears,
 The learned *Head* in * *ordinance* declares;

* *A meeting of the heads of colleges so called.*

His shrewd harangues in senate he repeats,
 With the same zealous pangs his bosom beats;
 Oft in his veins he boasts *true-british* blood,
 And raves devoutly for his country's good;
 Of naughty statesmen echoes dismal tales,
 And against WALPOLE, o'er his bottle, rails.

So the pale moon is not without her praise,
 Though from the sun she borrows all her rays.

NEXT, to DELAUNE, as next to *Brazen's* heart,
 Muse touch the string, and prove thy utmost art:
 O! for a pinion from the *mantuan* swan,
 To reach the mighty theme, and sing the man
 Who more than forty years, a shining space,
 Has graced these walls, and still vouchsafes to grace:

With various honours crown'd for various arts,
 (All far unequal to his great deserts)
 Who wants no virtue, by no vice defaced,
 Wise, learned, pious, sober, humble, chaste,
 So strictly honest, so severely just,
 And rigidly tenacious of his trust,
 That his integrity surmounts my song,
 And ev'n to name it, is to do him wrong.

FROM such proud heights, o! muse presumptuous bend,
 And to his private qualities descend;
 Say how his soul in conversation shines,
 O'er the third bottle how his wit refines,
 How in smart jests his sacred lips excel,
 What mirth they start, and jocund fables tell,

How

How grave his looks, how orthodox his dress,
 Ev'n stubborn AMHURST will these truths
 confess.

So *Lucifer*, when fal'n, was forc'd to own
 The bright superior pow'r, that hurl'd him down.

How for his college he employs his care,
 How helpless orphans his protection share,
 H--DW--TH and W--s, shall solemnly declare,
 And if superior evidence we need,
 H--ES *on the gospel* shall attest the deed ;
 SM--TH shall confirm his oath, if that avail,
 And O--N stand his sacramental bail.

BENEATH

BENEATH his care great CLARENDON appear'd,
 From all surmises of corruption clear'd ;
 He to the press the deathless work convey'd,
 By no base bribes, nor partial motives sway'd ;
 He scorn'd to vary from the written tale,
 Nor could the hopes of bishopricks prevail :
 Yet if the foe will still insult thy name,
 And with black scandal strive to taint thy fame,
 Soon shall he blush ; for HIDE's impartial ghost
 Shall visit earth, to this defamer's cost,
 And purge thy virtue, though the copy's lost.

FAIN would the muse, inflam'd with pious zeal,
 Millions of other graces still reveal,

All

All cent'ring in this man, to bless the age,
 His equal mind and temper void of rage,
 His energy in pray'r, his faith sublime,
 His meekness, love and candour to a crime;
 But conscious of her weakness she declines,
 And to some college-bard the glorious theme
 resigns.

NOR shall that hoary feer remain unfung,
 To whom the reins of *Exeter* belong,
 That learned doctor, and that frugal Head,
 Who grudges ev'n himself his daily bread,
 Of so penurious, provident a sense,
 He curses human life for its expence,
 And often wishes he was under ground,
 Rather than lose a penny in the pound.

Candles are dear, and therefore he thinks best
 Still with the setting sun to go to rest,
 Unless, to finish something for his shop,
 FLETCHER will pay him well for sitting up:
 Yet few, I fear, will think it worth their while,
 So languid is his matter and his stile,
 To publish all the volumes he could write;
 Poor WH-ST-R was alas! half ruin'd by't.

WITH half a fowl, and *half a penny small*
 He makes a sober dinner in the hall,
 (Such slender meals suffice his famish'd nerves,)
 And the minc'd fragment for his supper serves.

STOOFING with age, he dodders as he goes,
 From his red eyes a rheumy torrent flows,

Like

Like winter fruit, his yellow rivel'd skin
 Dams up the little blood that creeps within,
 Threescore and ten have quench'd his vital heat,
 And his decaying pulses scarcely beat;
 Yet thus disabled, for the longing dame
 he feels the pangs of love, though not the flame;
 Fair RAGGABEL, that near his college-gate
 Fine china sells, and tea, and chocolate,
 Or mends old tatter'd gowns with matchless art,
 Shines in his eye, and triumphs in his heart;
 Oft to her shop the feeble lecher strays,
 Toys with her hand, or with her bubbies plays;
 On her dear face he rolls his doting eyes,
 As she weighs coffee, or the needle plies;
 One evening, prostrate on his tottering knees,
 The sapless dotard spoke in words like these;

E

BEHOLD,

BEHOLD, o! fairest of those gentle maids,
 Who with their beauty grace these learned shades,
 Behold! what conquests thy perfections gain,
 A reverend, aged doctor wears thy chain,
 Me whom a college for its Head obeys,
 To whom each fellow servile homage pays,
 Thy beauty captivates, thy charms intral,
 Ev'n at these years a slave to love I fall.

And o! my dearest RAGGY, do not quite
 Break my old heart, or judge my torments slight,
 Unlike raw boys who tell you fulsome lies,
 Adore this moment, and the next despise,
 Ripen'd with age my passion cannot change,
 Nor will my years permit my heart to range ;

Smile

Smile on me then, and with thy blooming charms
 Bless my desiring, my impatient arms,
 One evening at my lodgings let me prove
 With how much truth and constancy I love.

THE damsel, though with wit not over-stock'd,
 With this severe reply his reverence shock'd ;
 What pity is it that desire should last,
 And the good-will to sin, when youth is past ?
 Thy passions still remain, thrice holy drone,
 And ah ! I grieve to think the string is gone :
 Yes, I behold thee with a pitying eye,
 And for my sake, good man ! thou shalt not dye ;
 Since at your lodgings you request my sight,
 I'll wait upon you there to morrow night ;

Safe in thy hands my virtue I will trust,
And do, dear doctor, do thy very worst.

BE not so mighty smart the don reply'd,
Nor judge so rashly, e'er my strength is try'd,
In me the emblem of a leek is seen,
White though my head be turn'd, my tail is green.

BUT whither does the muse erroneous stray,
By tales of love diverted from her way?

GARDINER upbraids my ears with cold neglect,
And from the muse demands his due respect.

FORBEAR, great man, restrain thy flowing
gall,

Wherefore on me do all these censures fall?

Why

Why shouldst thou hope for honour from my lays,
When thy own YOUNG forgets to sing thy praise?

WHAT shall a patriot lose his due reward,
Because ill us'd by one ungrateful bard?
Your pardon, sir; the reasoning I allow,
And with these honours deck your lofty brow

If size and stature raise a deathless name,
How vast your praise, how bulky is your fame!
Without a rival, sir, the streets you tread,
Thou greatest, wittiest man, now TADLOE's dead;
Since that huge atlas fell, you reap alone
The thanks of all the * paviors in the town.

* *Alluding to the following epigram,*

When TADLOE walks the streets, the paviors cry
God bless you, sir; and throw their rammers by.

NOR

NOR must thy praise o! TAFFY, be forgot,
 Another college prince, and tyrant sot,
 ToG--D--R next in learning and in size,
 Somewhat more honest, and almost as wise;
 His sanguine cheeks with deep vermilion glow,
 With *antient-british* blood his veins o'erflow,
 His country's native ire inflames his breast,
 And hostile leeks nod dreadful on his crest,
 Like proud *Plinlimmon's* height he seems to
 move,
 And his broad shoulders prop the clouds above,

HEAVEN to this man unusual vigour gave,
 To rule a college obstinately brave,

Youths

Youths all endued with more than vulgar flame,
And stubborn as the rocks, from whence they
came ;

Hard to restrain, by nature prone to rage,
No common arm their fury can assuage,
So much with sparks of vengeance they abound,
They knock opposing barge-men to the ground,
And like a tempest hurl destruction round.

FAIN would I next great D—son rehearse,
And greet him with new honours in my verse;
O! might I call him by that awful name,
Which his foul covets, and his merits claim!
How would it touch the cockles of my heart
In *ordinance* to see him bear his part,

'Gainst

'Gainst upstart masters wage confederate war,
And * GOLGOTHA receive another star:

FULL well he knows this office to acquit,
And must be own'd for college business fit,
Oe'r passive fellows skill'd to domineer,
And grant to few the favour of his ear.
From BRAZEN and D—E he learnt the arts
To pick their pockets, while he gains their hearts
To be ador'd for breaking all their laws,
And tyrannize with safety and applause.

So romish priests esteem and reverence gain,
By bidding penance, and imposing pain ;

* *A place so called, where the sculls of colleges meet about business.*

The well-flogg'd Zealots bless their Father's voice,
And in raw backs and aking bones rejoice.

BUT ah! within our walls dissention reigns,
And modern feuds disturb the laurel'd plains,
Pert upstart patriots with rebellious pride,
Spurn at their *Heads*, and GOLGOTHA deride,
In bold confederate clubs and plots engage,
And youthful whims oppose to thoughtful age;
Each day the hoary sages sink in pow'r,
And Presidents and Provosts sway no more;
With grumbling Tories factious whigs combine,
And against D—N—N perversely join,
Resolv'd to baulk him of the darling pow'r,
And antient rights of CHARLOT's successor.

F

WHO

WHO after these shall animate the lyre ?

M—TH—R * do thou my flagging verse inspire,
 Instruct the muse thy praises to rehearse,
 And with thy shining deeds adorn my verse :
 Do thou ; for surely none besides can tell,
 No mortal knows thy merits half so well.

BUT I perceive, you frown upon my lays,
 And fullenly reject the proffer'd praise,
 Content to wither in obscure retreat,
 And unobserv'd, in plenty drink and eat,
 O'er aukward college pedants to preside,
 With private grandeur and monastick pride,

* *The present worthy V—C—R of Oxford.*

In indolence and ease to live unknown,
And nod, like eastern tyrants on their throne.

NOR dost thou only chuse this mongrel Life,
Blest with collegiate honours and—no wife ;
Sundry besides, thy brethren of the gown,
Like thee, despising fame and wide renown,
Preferring staid meals and frequent prayers
To worldly bustles, and domestick cares,
Within their humble cells indulge the spleen,
Men never talk'd of, and but rarely seen,
With their obsequious fellows they debate,
In their own cloysters, all affairs of state,
Con over MIST, and SHATTER once a week,
And by their love of kings and statesmen speak,

In the same tract of common-place they move,
And learn from them to censure and approve.

OTHERS there are—but studious of her fame,
Fain would the muse conceal her mother's shame,
Sore loath I am to speak the mournful truth,
That modern *Heads* corrupt the letter'd youth,
That bold fanaticks, full of sturdy zeal
For BRUNSWICK's house, disturb our common-
weal,
Grave loyal wretches, of their monarch proud,
To college-pow'r advanc'd, infect the croud,
Through these unhappy walls their poison spread,
And strike ev'n GOLGOTHA it self with dread.

SINCE

SINCE first our Grannum cropt the fatal tree,
 No spot of earth is from pollution free,
 Briers and thorns infest the richest ground,
 And tares amongst the choicest wheat are found;
 The fruitful *Nile* destructive monsters breeds,
 And ev'n * *Bellofitum* prудuces weeds.

YET bring them forth, my muse, to publick
 shame,
 And in thy numbers brand each hated name,
 Each bold apostate son, who durst disgrace
 With heterogeneous thoughts his venerable race.

* *An antient name of Oxford, and the country which
 surrounds it.*

HERE

HERE WICKLIFF first the northern errors
fram'd,

And CRANMER, ever with abhorrence nam'd ;
Here LATIMER his novel doctrines taught,
And RIDLEY here for gospel licence fought :
Presumptuous prelates ! could they hope to live,
And o're the ruins of the church survive ?
How could they dare oppose such mighty odds,
And rashly strive with *Rome's* unnumber'd Gods ?
Within these walls a sacrifice they fell,
And in their death forestall'd the pains of hell.

FROM hence, degenerate from the common
throng,

Ev'n men of sense and probity have sprung ;

Here

Here LOCKE, the second *Stagyrite*, was bred,
 Of modern reasoning *whigs* the boasted head;
 Here HALES of *ever-memorable* fame,
 And CHILLINGWORTH acquir'd a deathless name;
 Here KENNET first disclos'd his god-like soul,
 And HOUGH a tyrant's pleasure did controul;
 MARSHAM from hence his piercing genius drew,
 And LLOYD in these abodes immortal grew.

HERE GUIBBONS late, with *Æsculapian* skill,
 Preserv'd more lives, than modern empericks kill,
 Friend to mankind; and to his healing art
 Join'd candour and benevolence of heart,
 On health and learning still vouchsafes to smile,
 And shines the great *Machaon* of our isle.

HERE

HERE OLDHAM tag'd his rough, licentious
 rhimes,
 And STEELE with whiggish wit prophan'd the
 times;
 Here TICKEL sung the charms of opening *peace*,
 And YOUNG explor'd the mines of *Rome* and
Greece ;
 PHILIPS and SMITH the *Christ-church* wits
 disgrace,
 And ADDISON pollutes the *Maudlin* race.
 FROM our old track whole colleges depart,
 And preach new doctrines with *Hoadleian* art,

Long

Long since the *Merton Lollards* * went astray,
 And *Wadham's* sons to *Oriel* led the way,
Exeter follow'd; and in some degree,
 Scarce is a college from infection free.

To propagate this rank contagious weed,
 Ev'n BRUNSWICK joins, and sows the pregnant
 feed,

With ill-tim'd gifts, maliciously divine,
 Shakes our aversion to his *German* line,
 Shews that his breast with love of science burns,
 Smiles on our hate, and good for ill returns.

* The followers of WICKLIFF, who were the first reformers in this island.

FROM such ungrateful topicks, gentle muse,
 Divert thy song, and nobler objects chuse :
 With more exalted themes thy numbers grace,
 In more exalted numbers sing the place,
 Where G—L with unspotted virtue shines,
 And ATT—RY form'd his great designs.

O ! prelate, of the church thou burning light,
 Through all thy sufferings eminently bright,
 In vain ill-fortune strives to make thee less,
 Great in thy self, but greater in distress;
 Transfus'd into thy soul by power divine,
 LAUD's active zeal and WOLSEY's spirit shine,
 Like them pursued by a corrupted age,
 And sacrific'd to wild, fanatick rage,

Or-

Ordain'd a living martyrdom to feel,
 And in exotick climates broach thy zeal;
 How in thy praise could I dilate my song!
 But fate and rigid laws restrain my tongue.

Our stately rising buildings set to view,
 Say how we furbish old and model new,
 Our theatres, musæums, printing domes,
 And libraries replete with folio tomes,
 Our greasy kitchens and large halls extol,
 And vaulted cellars stor'd with double * *Coll*,
 Our tow'ring steeples, painful to behold,
 Our roaring bells, and altars daub'd with gold;

* *College ale.*

Say how our stables charm the jocky's eyes,
And bog-houses like palaces arise.

SAY farther how the cause of faction thrives,
For JAMES how ready to devote our lives;
Our hieroglyphick almanacks describe,
Our * Envoy-beadle and addressing tribe;
How treason gives pretensions to a place,
And loyalty escapes by † *Acts of Grace*;
How FIDDES for the church fatigues his quill,
And how the devil looks o'er *Lincoln* still.

* *His excellency* EDWARD WH—T—R, Esq; *Envoy extraordinary from the un—ty of O—d.*

† *It is well known that the reverend* MR. MEADOW-COURT, *fellow of Merton college, was obliged to plead his majesty's Act of Grace, for drinking his majesty's health.*

RELIGION smiles, while POTTER * fills the
 chair,
 And learning triumphs under MATHER's care:
 From M---LEY's hideous looks, by day and night,
 Leud strumpets fly, and chasten in his fight,
 Shock'd at his form, they curb their itching
 blood,
 And naughty children promise to be good;
 Aw'd with his cloven feet and scare-crow face,
 The athiest shudders, and grows rich in grace,
 No more his dreadful execrations vents,
 But owns there is a devil and repents.

* *The bishop of Oxford, regius professor of divinity.*

NEXT to our *Oxford* laureats touch the string,
 And their great names in mighty numbers sing ;
 For sure no bards abound with thoughts so
 bright,
 Nor with the genius of our poets write.

To prove this truth, seraphick STERNHOLD
 read,
 And WITHERS, both the right *Oxonian* breed,
 On SHERLEY's comick pages cast your eyes,
 And hear how SETTLE's lofty strains surprize;
 Our modern wits with equal lustre shine,
 Angelick COTES and CATCOT the divine,

RICH,

RICH, CATHERAL, TRISTRAM, AMHURST,

WILKES and names

Which rhyme and equal-measur'd verse disclaims,
 What numbers would such rugged sounds compose,
 Which even offend the ear, pronounced in prose?
 With the same ease I could, in verse sublime,
 Make a *Welsh* pedigree harmonious chime,
 Or put the *Russian* army into rhyme.

UNHAPPY bards! but others may be found,
 Whose gentle names in verse melodious sound,
 BACON in easy numbers glides along,
 And TRAP and WHARTON melt upon the
 tongue,

Egregious wits ! and criticks both sublime,
 Whose kindred talents so exactly chime,

That

That hard it is to say, in verse or prose
 Which happy genius more divinely flows;
 In this alone the former does excel,
 That TRAP writes most, but WHARTON writes
 as well.

But above all, record the female race,
 The reigning Toasts and beauties of the place,
 Whether in * *Bullock's-lane* they chuse to rove,
 Or † *Kidney-hall*, the soft retreat of love,
 Their shining virtues and their charms rehearse,
 And vindicate their names from ** STREPHON'S
 verse.

* *The Drury-Lane of Oxford.*

† *A publick house near Oxford, dedicated to love.*

** *A scandalous libel upon the Oxford toasts.*

IN love too often interest sways the mind
 And fordid riches our affections blind,
 Some squeamish fops, fantastically nice,
 For virtue sigh and puke at modish vice;
 Others for titles languish and would scorn
 Ev'n beauty's goddess, if obscurely born.

By no such borrow'd charms, nor spurious arts,
 Our *Oxford* ladies reign o'er youthful hearts;
 In their own native, naked charms they shine,
 Smug chamber-maids and sempstresses divine,
 Smart laundresses on *Saturdays* so clean,
 And bed-makers on every day between,
 The beggar's off-spring to the parish left,
 And college bastards of their fires bereft,
 Nymphs without smocks our tender hearts sur-
 prize,

And deities in rags attract our eyes.

UNHAPPY COBURNE! lately laid in dust,
 How to thy ashes shall the muse be just?
 For to what member of APOLLO'S race
 Did ever she deny the soft embrace?
 What slighted lover or despairing swain
 Can of her wrongs or cruelty complain?
 No jilting tricks nor coying arts she knew,
 But to the amorous kind was ever true,
 To every fighting youth resign'd her charms,
 And blest'd, at easy rates, his longing arms.

MOURN, all ye sons of learning, SABA'S fate,
 In verse and prose the mighty loss relate:
 With tropes and figures, * COTES, embalm her
 name,

† WHARTON, in grateful metre chaunt her fame,

* *Our most ingenious professor of Oratory.*

† *Our inimitable professor of Poetry.*

Let

Let each surviving Toast her garland bring,
 And lavish o'er her grave the flowery spring;
 In streams of blood let conscious *Isis* flow,
 Let *Charwell* swell the sympathetick woe,
 Let *Christ-church Tom* her loss vociferous roar,
Tom, who ne'er mourn'd for aught but kings
 before;

In hymns of woe let every college join,
 In social grief let every voice combine,
 Let every heart with bursting sighs approve
 Our sorrow as diffusive as her love.

WHILE she surviv'd, indulgent to our cause,
 We bilk'd our founders and defy'd their laws,
 Those grave old blockheads, whose religious pride
 Would quench love's flame and check old na-
 ture's tide,

Assuage hot blood; explode the genial taste,
 And make mankind unnaturally chaste.
 Reliev'd by her from these imperious chains,
 We knew the sweets of love, without the pains,
 Clasp'd to her bosom, every college round
 The joys of marriage, without marriage, found;
 Spight of their musty statutes all the night
 We roll'd in bliss and revel'd in delight.

AMIDST these transports, to our joys a slave,
 Death præmaturely snatch'd her to the grave;
 That rank disease that fierce corroding flame,
 Which takes from *Venus* its venereal name,
 Siez'd on her bloom, polluted all her charms,
 And with contagion fill'd her circling arms,

Through

Through every vein the spreading poison rag'd,
And with her life could only be asswag'd.

DREAD foe to love! of human ills the worst!
Thou forest plague, with which mankind is curst,
In distant climes, amongst the savage kind,
O! hadst thou ever, ever been confin'd,
Content the wild *Barbarian* to defile,
Nor with thy breath prophan'd the *British* isle.

SAY, muse, in strains of elegiack woe,
What dire effects from such disasters flow,
That the precaution'd reader may beware,
And, conscious of the mischiefs, shun the snare.

SOON as it pierces with its subtle dart,
The coast of love, that weak unguarded part,

In

In doleful sounds the wounded youth complains
 Of pungent sores, and sharp nocturnal pains,
 His nerves are all relax'd, his eyes grow dim,
 And rigid aches torture every limb,
 His hot envenom'd blood corrupts within,
 And loathsome ulcers stain his fading skin;
 At length his nose dismantled sinks away,
 His flesh turns rotten and his bones decay;
 Too late repentance comes! and pills too late!
 Nor can ev'n MISAUBIN reverse his fate;
 Living, his wholesome friends avoid his sight,
 And dying he pollutes the realms of night.

AGAINST this ill (to vary from my tale)
 But two specifick remedies prevail;
 Virtue is one and purity of heart;
 But if the flesh subdues the better part,

Ano-

Another still remains, the fam'd *machine*
 (No doubt the reader guesses what I mean)
 That modern rare device, whose injur'd name
 Is grown opprobrious, though it covers shame;
 Without this guard, if my advice prevail,
 On venal joys you never will regale;
 Then against fire-ships you may stand the test,
 And trust the warmest nymph — *probatum est*.

So ancient warriors, buckled up in steel,
 Laugh'd at the drubbings, which they could not
 feel.

POOR COBURNÉ's fate these sad reflections drew,
 O! most unhappy, hapless nymph, adieu.
 Tormenting loss! too grievous for the mind!
 If gentle DUTTON were not left behind;

In

In her surviving charms we find relief,
On her soft bosom intermit our grief,
The painful hours in soft endearments waste,
And in our present joys forget the past.

HAIL charming fair! O! may'st thou ever
 prove
Free from the bane and pestilence of love;
Long may'st thou live, a soft luxurious life,
By turns of twenty colleges the wife,
With charms unfading glut the studious swains,
The favourite Toast of all our *Oxford* plains.

ON this delightful subject, big with praise,
How could the muse prolong her wanton lays?
Unnumber'd beauties, equally divine,
Attract her eyes, and in her fancy shine.

SALACIOUS CHILD the neighb'ring dons embrace,

And SHEPHARD blesses all the *Cambrian* race ;
 CRASSA with luscious beauties charms the sight,
 And melts in greasy volumes of delight ;
 In TATHAM'S kitchen as she bafts the meat,
 The *Maudlin* smarts their tender vows repeat ;
 Oft as she plies the fauce-pan in her hand,
 The *Lincoln* wits in silent rapture stand ;
 Oft as with whirling arms she winds the jack,
 They suck the dewy moisture from her neck,
 The favoury odors from her lips they kiss,
 And wallow in a dripping-pan of bliss.

FORGIVE me fair ones, who remain unfung,
 Sound and unsound, ye tribe of old and young ;

I

To

To praise you all who swarm in every plain,
 Would swell my verse beyond an epick strain;
 Each college stew a volume would require,
 And BL——RE in the tedious task would tire.

HENCEFORTH, ye sons of *Cam*, presumptu-
 ous race,

No more with us contend for age or place;
 At length confuted, quit the learned field,
 And to your rival the precedence yield.

In times remote, before the *Cam* was known,
 Our *Isis* rear'd her head and gain'd renown;
 Arts now forgot her temples did adorn,
 And flourish'd e'er the *Stagyrite* was born;
 Compar'd with her, the *Gracian* state gives way,
 And *Athens* was a school of yesterday.

HENCE-

HENCEFORTH in arts and knowledge vye no
more

But with you sister the dispute give o'er,
Let CLARKE to learning all pretensions quit,
And captious BENTLEY to DELAUNE submit,
No more let NEWTON his discoveries boast,
But own himself in greater SHIPPEN lost,
Let HOADLEY to SACHEVEREL yield the prize,
Nor against POTTER in contention rise.

HAIL, honour'd madam! hail for arts renown'd,
Through ev'ry age with ivy garlands crown'd,
Who from a thousand bobbies, never dry,
Doft with pure milk a thousand babes supply,
Great *Britain's* mother-nurse! accept these lays,
Which an adopted son in duty pays;

Who oft has heard, with conscious grief and
 shame,

Licentious wits insult thy reverend name,
 Who oft has seen them, with indignant rage,
 Laugh at thy silver hairs and wrinkled age;
 Urg'd by these wrongs, in her dear mother's cause,
 Weak as she is, the muse officious draws,
 And in these grateful lines attempts to shew
 What publick honours to her name are due;
 Resolv'd at least on daring wings to play,
 And to some greater genius point the way.

MEAN while this verse shall consecrate my
 name,

And ev'n with *Blackmore's* ALFRED vye for fame,
 The present age my labours shall reward,
 And *Britain* stile me the *religious Bard*;
 The future age a sumptuous pile shall raise,
 And croud the wall with monumental praise;

Erect

Erect above shall stand the marble bust,
 Beneath, the sacred urn shall hold my dust,
 FAME on the right her constant watch shall keep,
 And ALMA on the left dejected weep,
 Wreaths and festoons the labour'd stone shall grace,
 And this inscription fill the middle space.

*“ Rear’d at the publick cost, this stately shrine
 “ Does the choice ashes of a bard confine,
 “ Who, in the first prevailing GEORGE’S days,
 “ Tun’d his old British harp to ALMA’S praise,
 “ And, in a course of bold scholastick rhimes,
 “ Dar’d all the insults of those factious times.*

*“ While marble can endure, this hallow’d stone
 “ Shall guard his dust and make his virtues known;
 “ When that decays, his fame shall still survive,
 “ And in the duteous work for ages live;*

“ When

" When that work dyes, let harden'd sinners fear,

" For then the world's eternal doom is near.

" Reader, from OXFORD if you chance to

" come,

" Shed a few tears o'er his selected tomb,

" Nor ask his name, but be content to know,

" That for a pious wit your grateful sorrows

" flow.



POST.

POSTSCRIPT. *The following Verses
having been transmitted to me, I hope it will
not be thought improper to annex them to the
preceeding P O E M.*

A
LETTER of THANKS
FROM THE
University of CRACOW,
To their SOVEREIGN.

WE of CRACOW the Chancellor and his Vice-Chan,
With the Doctors and Masters, all to a Man,
Assembled in form, have sent trusty *Ned Whist*,
(*The last enroll'd slave in our * Almanack-List*)
With orders to give you, sir, to understand
That a letter sign'd G——ge is safe come to hand,
Which having been over and over perus'd,
Your *present* was near upon being refus'd;

* See the *Cracow-Almanack* for 1724.

But

But after a grave and maturer debate,
 We, moved thereunto by reasons of State,
 Came at length to agree one and all, 'twou'd be better
 To take it, and *seem* thus to thank you by letter.
 This done, fir, we hope you are herewith content,
 Since farther than *this*, nothing by us is meant.
 We scorn to profess the least loyal affection
 To one, who against our will gives us protection;
 Neither wish we, nor pray we for *Princes* at home,
 Having sent all our prayers, and our wishes to ROME.
 Assure yourself therefore, you always shall find
 We ever shall hate you, be you ever so kind,
 In token hereof our *names* we conceal,
 But send you these presents under our SEAL.

Sealed in the convocation-house, with the
 common seal of the university, this 19th
 day of May, 1724.

F I N I S.

